



We each have our own 'line'.



We walk on that 'line', impassively and endlessly,

Sometimes, while walking, we seem to see our 'lines' join up.



If we walk on this 'line', we might be able to meet that person.



That's what we think as we continue to walk on our 'lines'.

But then, we realize something



We are all walking endlessly, on parallel lines that will never meet. This is a story of those 'lines'.



Another stale, hear aching story coming you in October.

, HEY,







JPN TRANSLATOR FOR MIKADO NO SHINO